

of the exit of Rose, Webber and Vallon. Taxicabs were lined up at the Fifty-fourth street entrance and at the rear of the prison. One of the taxicabs in the rear was employed as a blind. The shades were pulled down in this "decoy" car and the chauffeur was ordered to drive off at the moment the gates were thrown open and the other cars came out. He was also to mention the name of Rose. This device proved so successful that two automobiles of reporters followed the empty taxi for half an hour, while Rose himself was speeding on his way to his home on One Hundred and Tenth street, near Broadway.

But the arch-witness of the State's "Big Four" did not succeed in shaking off a gasoline tank filled with photographers. This cab clung to the rear wheels of his taxi until it slowed up at Seventy-second street and Riverside Drive. There in despair Rose ordered his chauffeur to stop.

"For God's sake!" he cried, "can't you let a fellow be on his way? If you'll only leave me alone I'll get out and pose. I'll do anything but talk. I'm through talking."

The kodakers agreed to be satisfied with a posed photograph, and Rose got out and stood on the curb to be snapped. When it was over he got back into the vehicle and ordered his driver to take him home. His lawyer, Mr. Sandler, rode there with him, and there he will remain while until he has finished the last chapter of his book, "Twenty Years in the Underworld."

The departure of the three gamblers from prison was carried on entirely under cover so far as the preliminary arrangements went. Coroner Feinberg co-operating with the members of the District-Attorney's staff in their efforts at secrecy.

SCHPEPS IS SCARED AND FLEES IN TAXI.

The State's immunity quartet began its exodus from prison led by Schpeps, ex-mugger boy and one of the hairless-headed Jack Rose. Schpeps left the prison calaboose three hours ahead of Rose, Vallon and Webber like a scared rabbit, jumping and dodging and ducking about in the vortex of a jostling crowd as if he feared that he was about to be snatched from every side.

Hedged in by camera men he was forced to pose for his photograph, and while his knees knocked together his little red eyes blinked and blinked and his prison pallor became chalk white.

When at last he was hurried forth into the open by a guard of policemen and lawyers he was in a blue funk and scarcely able to totter. He was hustled along the pavement by a good-natured mob, stumbling over his cane and portmanteau while he nervously turned his head about like a frightened weasel.

Schpeps' state of mind was well expressed when he replied to a question concerning what he would do to-morrow with the trembling answer: "Oh, don't ask me, I may be dead to-morrow."

Rose, Vallon and Webber will not be released until later this afternoon and an effort will be made to prevent a less spectacular departure for them than in the case of Schpeps.

All that wasn't provided for Schpeps was a band. There were moving picture cameras that frightened him by their clicking machinery, rude photographers who jostled him, and wedged him into corners and made him uncomfortable. There were shouting men and boys who yelled "Eskaper!" and "Murderer!" and there were scenes of riot and turmoil from the minute Magistrate Murphy set him free until he got away under a flying start in a yellow taxicab.

And picking up his grips Schpeps lurched through the crush for the doorway. As he neared the entrance he heard the clamor of a mob that blocked the street. He stopped suddenly and was afraid to go on. The press from behind forced him forward and he was whirled out of the portals and down the steps. He leaped for the yellow taxi as if it had been a life preserver and scrambled inside while the crowd hooted and yelled. The word "Eskaper!" was yelled at him from every side and he was palpably in a state of panic.

MR. SCHPEPS BECOMES SAM SCHPEPS. LISTEN!

Two moving picture cameras were set up on either side of the cab, reeling their film. When Sandler got into the cab and closed the door Schpeps pounded on the window and yelled to the chauffeur:

"Go on, damn you, go on!"

The chauffeur responded that he couldn't because of the moving picture cameras.

"Shut 'em all with them!" screamed Schpeps. "Drive 'em down. Run over 'em, but go on."

At this the crowd hooted and yelled some more and Schpeps plunged back in the cushions and ducked his head out of sight. From his seclusion of invisibility he continued to yell at the moving pictures men stepped aside and permitted the taxicab to get under way.

As the vehicle sped off the crowd hooted some more.

Schpeps' brother, John, who is proprietor of a restaurant at Sixth avenue and Forty-third street and another brother, Robert, who is a Bronx attorney, sent word to him this morning that they would lead him all the aid in their power. Also they promised to meet him at his mother's home this afternoon, when there will be a family reunion.

HAD A FAT BANKROLL IN COURT.

That he was well provided with money was evident when in the courtroom he displayed a fat roll of yellow backs.

While waiting for his case to come up he was asked: "How about Webber, Vallon and Rose, are they afraid?"

"They're a bit of," he said. "Schpeps, they're game fellows, and they'll go out of here bold as soldiers."

The three murder confessions cannot be released until Coroner Feinberg signs an order revoking their commitments. But still from this afternoon, Robert, who is a Bronx attorney, sent word to him this morning that they would lead him all the aid in their power. Also they promised to meet him at his mother's home this afternoon, when there will be a family reunion.

WEBBER WILL SAIL TO EUROPE ON MONDAY, BUT WILL COME BACK.

Here is "Bridgie" Webber's confession of faith-faith in the new life he's going to find away from the underworld; faith in his own natural good luck.

He gave it within fifteen minutes of leaving the shadow of the West Fifty-fourth street jail to an Evening World reporter who had followed him through many a twist and turn of the up-town streets down from cars by the side of the Pennsylvania station on West Thirty-second street. After the taxi containing Webber and his wife had dashed out of the court enclosure through the mob in the street it whizzed over to Eleventh avenue, down to Fifty-second street, through to Broadway and on down to the union of Broadway and Seventh avenue.

When the taxi was speeding down the

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avenue, with The Evening World reporter to another machine close behind. Webber's white and anxious face appeared from time to time at the little window in the rear of his vehicle. Evidently he gave orders for the chauffeur to pull up at the Pennsylvania station, then with his wife on his arm he walked back and met the reporter at the second machine drew up behind him.

"GIVE A FELLOW A CHANCE."

PLEADED WEBBER.

"For God's sake, give a fellow a chance for his life," were Webber's first words, given in a trembling treble. His face was splintered with perspiration, his eyes were bloodshot and his sickly marsh light, his lip trembled and would not be controlled by the teeth that sought to clamp it tight. He constantly lifted his hat and swabbed his forehead with a crumpled handkerchief.

"I don't know where I'm going now," Webber stammered. "I didn't give any directions to the chauffeur. I just tried to shake you off when I saw you were following me. So now I want to reason with you. Go away and leave me alone. I am a sick man, I am a nervous man, I am a ghostly past. Webber volunteered, knowing what questions would be put to him. The past three months have been a hell on earth for me. Now I'm all up in the air. I hardly know which way to turn."

"Yes-yes," put in Mrs. Webber, a catch of hysteria in her voice. "Can you see the door boy doesn't know where he's at?"

"I will stay in the city until Monday," Webber continued, moistening his mouth with his tongue. "Then my wife and I will sail for Europe. We will stay over there three months and then come home. I want to stay there long enough to forget—if I can."

"Yes, to forget," the woman murmured. "Thank God, he has enough money to permit him to stay away as long as he likes."

"Will you all live when you come back?" Webber was asked.

"I'll live right here in New York," he answered with a dramatic attempt at defiance in the swing of his shoulder. "I'll live here, the rest of my life."

"Will you start gambling again?"

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MAYOR SHOCKED BY BOY'S AMAZING STORY IN POLICE

8-Year-Old Youngster Swears He Was Held All Night and Got a Spanking.

NO RECORD IS FOUND.

Evening World's Investigation Fails to Find Any Foundation for Charges.

As Amusing story of an eight-year-old boy, Augustus Wilkerson, regarding his treatment by the police in Harlem caused Mayor Gaynor to send an indignant letter to Commissioner Waldo to-day demanding an investigation of the youngster's statements that he had been arrested for a trivial offense, kept in the station house all night and turned loose cold and hungry in the morning without having been taken before a magistrate.

Gloating inconsistencies and improbabilities in the story of the boy appeared as soon as the Evening World made an independent investigation. When Mayor Gaynor was told of these he said he was too busy to talk more about the matter. The Mayor's letter to Commissioner Waldo follows:

Mr.:

I am enclosing to you the affidavit of Augustus Wilkerson, a boy between eight and nine years of age, who resides with his uncle and aunt at 10 West One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, and also the affidavit of his aunt. These affidavits show that a policeman arrested this boy about three o'clock in the afternoon of November 12 as he was on his way from school, and took him to the station house at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street; that he there gave him a beating and that he was kept in the station house until he was taken out at six o'clock, when he was put out of the station house and told to go home, and did go home alone.

STORY IS OUTRAGEOUS. DE-CLARES THE MAYOR.

Meanwhile his uncle and aunt in great alarm had tried to find him. No message was sent to them from the station house that he had been arrested. From the time he was arrested, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, until he was taken out at six o'clock the next morning he had nothing to eat. The law expressly requires that when an officer arrests anybody he must be taken before a magistrate. The police cannot arrest people and confine them and then discharge them without taking them to a magistrate. That is done only in countries that are still under despotism. Every one arrested by the police must be taken to a magistrate, so that the officer may justify the arrest.

If the story of this boy and his aunt is true the case is a very outrageous one, and the members of the force who are responsible for it must be taken out of the force. I do not yet know that such treatment of boys is not permitted in this city but better get off the force or be put off, and the sooner the better.

The reason why this boy was arrested seems to have been that some small boys made a fire in the street. Even though the boy was one of the boys who made the fire, he could not be treated in this illegal manner. But it is very doubtful that he had anything to do with the making of the fire. If he did why was he not taken before a magistrate? The failure to take him before a magistrate is a grave offense against the law. This being a matter concerning which we are trying to educate the whole force it had better be called to the stand. Mr. Buckner explained at some length what waiving immunity means. Buckner said that a man gets immunity by testifying before a Grand Jury or an investigating committee. Dougherty said he wouldn't waive anything.

"Can you give immunity?" asked Dougherty.

"I can tell you immunity applies," said Mr. Buckner.

"Well, I won't waive anything. I don't believe in a man waiving immunity unless he does something."

"If you haven't done anything, then why not sign?"

"I think it's an insult to ask a police officer to waive immunity," said Mr. Buckner.

"That it is an insult to the people of New York for you and your Commissioner to refuse to waive immunity for such refusal is a confession of guilt."

"I stand pat as refusing," said Dougherty, flushing.

Dougherty was excused. Mr. Buckner announced that the Levy inquiry was concluded, there being no use in continuing unless the police officers would testify and try to save themselves by their testimony.

The defense was begun with an attack on the testimony of Mrs. Emma Benninger, who swore she saw Gibson clinging to the boat, still wearing the upper garment of his bathing suit, Gibson, when taken from the water, was in a

made public. To treat boys this way is to make criminals of them. Very truly yours,

W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

In his affidavit the boy tells of a spanking he got in the station house. The boy's affidavit follows:

I was eight years old on July 13. A policeman arrested me a little after 3 o'clock in the afternoon on Nov. 12. I was going with a message from my aunt to No. 225 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street. Some boys had a small fire on the street. It was One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, near Seventeenth avenue. I looked at the fire and saw a policeman grab me and took me off to the station house at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, near Eighth avenue.

SAYS POLICEMAN LICKED HIM WITH A STRAP.

I was locked up and kept all night until 6 o'clock the next morning. When I was brought in the officer at the desk asked me my name and my address where I lived. A gave him my name and told him I lived at No. 10 and 12 West One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street. They then put me in a room and I was kept there until the next morning at 6 o'clock. Then they took me out of the room put me out and told me to go home. I went home. I got there at 6 o'clock. I walked home. Nobody went with me.

From the time I was brought to the station house until I got home the next morning I was kept nothing to eat. I did not eat any food.

Before I went to bed during the night an officer licked me with a strap, and said if I ever made a fire again he would send me to the island. I cried and he made me go to bed. AUGUSTUS WILKERSON.

In the affidavit made by the boy's aunt, Mrs. Aurelia Farrington, she says:

When he did not come home that afternoon on Nov. 12, I went to the house of Mrs. Vergensen's and around to other places trying to find him. Then we called up the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and told them the boy was lost. They told us they would call around to other stations and see if there was any such boy. They then told us there was no such boy. In the morning we called up police headquarters and were told that they had no record of any boy taken up or any such thing. They said no word about the station house that the boy was lost. They got no word from him whatever until he came home himself the next morning at about half-past six.

POLICE HAVE NO RECORD OF THE BOY'S ARREST.

Reporters for the Evening World made a thorough investigation of the statements made in the affidavits to-day. None of the Farrington family were home though it was learned that a small boy lived with them. None of the neighbors, on the same floor, the floor above or the floor beneath, had heard of the story of his arrest. The Junior had been at the time in the precinct police from the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. He would have been taken to the East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. There is no record in the East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station.

The holding of a boy in custody without entering a record would have been a grave offense against the law. The police do not question the fact that the boy was in custody. Two doormen and two matrons must have also been in the dangerous conspiracy.

For fifteen minutes Mr. Hasking talked earnestly, he occasionally explaining a technical phrase at the request of Mr. Wasservogel.

"And now," said Mr. Wasservogel, when Dr. Hasking had finished his pathological description, "I wish you

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his bathing shirt had been torn off by Mrs. Szabo.

John J. Wright of No. 274 Union avenue, Paterson, N. J., the first witness, testified that on July 16 he had been near Camp Tree, in front of which Mrs. Benninger stood as she watched through opera glasses what happened after Gibson and Mrs. Szabo went into the water. Wright said his attention was called by Mrs. Benninger to the accused.

"I looked through the opera glasses," he swore, "and saw nothing."

Under cross-examination by Mr. Wasservogel, who is conducting the prosecution, he admitted he had not had the glasses until a